Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye.
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.
Par: These times of woe affoord no time to wooe,
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet calles him againe.

Cap: Sir *Paris*? Ile make a desperate tender of my child.
I thinke she will be rulde in all respectes by mee:
But soft: what day is this?
Par: Munday my Lord.
Cap: Oh then Wensday is too soone,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be maried.
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,
It will be thought we held him carelesly:
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe,
But what say you to Thursday.
Par: My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to morrow.
Cap: Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to bed.
Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.
Afore me it is so very very late,
That we may call it earely by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.

Iul: Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.
Rom: It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes
Doo lace the seuering clowdes in yonder East.
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocond Day
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.
Iul: Yon light is not day light, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe soone.
Rom: Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.
Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.
Ile say it is the Nightingale that beates
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.
Iul: It is, it is, be gone, flye hence away,
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision: